

prevail upon myself to sit down and write a single line till now. I have done everything to dissipate my blue devils, and have actually rushed headlong into *Us fureurs du Carnaval, pour me distraire.*

You will compare me to Prince Bourdon, *qui ne faisait plus que ses quatre repas par jour;* but it is true that with *le trait de la mort dans le cceur,* I have been *en parties de plaisir* in the Bois de Boulogne, at dinners and balls: *c'etoit danser sur la guillotine.* It was a long time before I durst open yours, which arrived to-day, for fear it should be a *testament de mort;* but, thank God, it has set my heart at rest.

I live much with Madame de Maulde and her daughters. We agree very well together. I was with them at the ball at the "Lyc6e des Arts," which is held in the *cirque,* underground, in the middle of the Palais Royal. There was an abundance of dust, horrid smells and bad company. To show you how merrily we Parisians live, to-day is the beginning of a *fete* or *dejeuner* au Bois de Boulogne; then a concert in Paris, a *diner ambigu,* and a ball which is to cost a couple of thousand

pounds, given by M. and Madame
d'Angrelau. She
is a daughter of Peron's, the builder. Her
husband
was a chocolate-maker at Versailles,
and has by
the Revolution made an immense
fortune, having